

The merry Maid of Middlesex.

O R,

A pretty Song made by a pretty Maid,
Which had seven Suitors, she her self so said,
And yet (poor soul) she hath been strangely cross,
And through her Mothers means, her Sweet heart's lost :
But yet she is resolved in this Sonnet,
To have a Husband, whatsoer'e comes on it.

To a dilicate Northern Tune : Or, *The Maid that lost her way.*



IT was not long ago
Since Cupid with his Dart,
Shot through my tender skin,
and prickt my love-sick heart
And since that desprate time,
I am so love-sick grown,
I neither can nor will
no longer lye alone:
Let Father angry be:
let mother brawl, and chide,
A Husband I will have,
what ever me betide,
It is well known that I
am fifteen years of age,
Pet live as weary a life,
as a Bird pen'd in a Cage.
Therefore Young-men I pray,
give eare unto my Song,
And you shall know in what,
my Parents did me wrong :
But now let Father frown, &c.

Seven Suitors in one day,
unto me came a wooing,
And every one of them would
sain with me be doing :
first Will the Weaver came
with Silks & Ribonds brave,
And out of his pure love,
these Tokens to me gave,
Let Father fret and frown, &c.
full many a honied kisse
the Weaver did me give,
Which was enough to make
a dying Maid to live :
But yet my Parents would
not give me their consent,
That I should marry with him,
which makes me to lament.
But now let Father frown,
let Mother brawl, and chide,
A Husband I will have
what ever me betide.

The-second part, to the same Tune.



Nere Tom the Taylor trim,
he brought me a brave new
And wold have gabe it me (gown
for to have laid me down,
My Mother standind by,
would not thereto agre,
whereby I did both lose my gown
and sweet-heart, woe is me.
But now let Father frown,
let Mother brawl and chide :
A Husband I will have,
what ever me betide,
Then Sam the Sho-maker
brought me a pair of shoes
To fit my pretty feet
as he did often use :
But at the drawing on
his hand by chance did slip,
Which made my Mother vor,
and sozely bite the Lip.
But now let Father greive, &c.
George Glover he gave me
a pair of dainty Globes,
Such as your bravest Batchlors
do use to give their Loves ;
And therewithal kind heart,
he kiss me tenderly :
And then my Mother she did soon
break up our company.
But now let Father angry be, &c.

There came a bonny Lad,
a Wintner neat and fine,
And in his hand he brought
a bottle of Muscadine,
And bad me soz to drink
as long as I could pull :
for he had an intent
to fill my belly full :
At which my Mother she
began to frown and chide,
Yet I will have a Husband
what ever me betide.
Nimble Tapster next
gave me a gay gold Ring,
And promised to bestow
on me a better thing :
But in the bringing he
had wondrous ill luck,
My Mother she did chance to see
and would not let us truck.
But now let Father frown, &c.
Then came a noble Spark,
a Souldier stout and bold,
And quickly cast into my lap
full seven score pound in gold
He was a brave Young-man,
I lov'd him as my life :
yet my Mother she would not
now let me be his Wife.
But now let Father frown, &c.

The Cabler he was soal,
fell sick and needs must dye,
Except my Love would grant
him love, as a remedy :
Cabler my Mother said,
you have of late ben dipt, (have
Before you shall my Daughter
He see you soundly whipt.
But now let Father frown, &c.
I Maiden-head it is a load
too heavy for me to carry ;
Therefore I will make all t he
that ever I can to marry, (speed
No matter for his wealth
nor Trade, what er'e it be,
for I will dearly love the Man
if he could fancy me.
So now you know my mind,
although my Mother chide,
A Husband I must have,
what ever me betide.

FINIS.



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